

No Rainbows for Me

Saint Etienne

I've thought of asking you / for so long, /
Afraid of what / your answer would be. /
But there's no other way, / so here I stay, /
You know, I believe in your lies / so easily. /
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /
I'm going for myself, / (so I tell myself) /
But there's no pot of gold, / just shades of blue. /
You think my heart's a toy; / like a little boy, /
You pick it up, / and play with it, / and break it when you're
through. /
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /
Stop hurting me, baby, / I may lose my mind. /
Stop hurting me, baby, / or I'll ? ? ? you. /
I'll ? ? ? / no rainbows for me...
Yes, well, that last one didn't sound too furious!